

To His HIGHNESS the

# Prince of Orange!

The Humble ADDRESS and SUPPLICATION of the PARISHONERS and INHABITANTS  
Of the Famous TOWN of

## LINTON SUBMETRAPOLITAN of TIVIOTDALE.

### PROLOGUE

**V**ictorious SIR, still faithful to thy Word,  
Who Conquer more by Kindness than by Sword,  
As thy Ancestors brave with matchless Vigor  
Cau'd Hogen Mogen make so great a Figure.  
So Thou that art great Britains only Moses;  
To guard our Ancient Thistle with the Rose:  
The discords of the Haro, in tune to bring  
And curb the pride of Lillies in the Spring.  
Permit, Great SIR, poor Us amongst the Press  
In humble terms, to make this blunt Address;  
In Linton Verse, for as your Highnes knows  
You have good store of Nonelense else in Prose.

SIR, first of all that it may please  
Your Highnes to give Us an ease;  
Of our Oppressions more or less,  
Especially that Knave the Cess.  
And Poverty for Pity crys  
To modifie our dear Excise:  
It You'l not trust Us when we say'r,  
Faith, SIR, We are not able to pay't:  
Which makes Us sigh when we shold sleep,  
And fast when We should go to Meat:  
Yed scarce can get it whicu to borrow,  
Yet drink we must to stocke.  
For this our Grief, SIR, makes Us now  
Sleep seldom sound till We be fow.  
SIR, Let no needless Forces stand,  
To plague this poor, but valiant Land;  
And let no Rhetorick procure  
Pensions only but to the Poor.  
That Spendthrift Courtiers get no share  
To make the King's Exchequer bare.  
Then Valiant SIR, We beg at large,  
You will free Quarters quite discharge.  
We dwell upon the King's high Street,  
And scarce a day we misse sonie Cheat.  
For Horse and Foot when they come by,  
SIR, be they Hungry, Cold or Dry;  
They Eat and Drink, and burn our Peats,  
With feind a Farthing in their Breicks.  
Destroy our Hey, and press our Horse,  
Whiles break our Head's and that is worse  
Consume both Men and Horses Meat,  
And make both Wives and Bairns to gret,  
By what is said your Highnes may  
Judge if two Stipends we can pay:  
And therfore if You wish us well  
You must with all speed Reconcile;  
Two Jangling Sons of the same Mother,  
Elliot and Hay, with one another;  
Pardon Us, SIR, for all Your Witt,  
I fear that prove a kittle Putt.  
Which tho' the wiser Sort condole,  
Our Linton Wives still blow the Coal;  
And Women here as well we ken,  
Would have Us all John Thomsons Men.  
Therefore, dear SIR, e're You be gone,  
Cast Kirk and Meeting-House in one;  
Whose mutual Charities are as scant  
As Papists is to Protestant.  
SIR, it was said ere I was born,  
Who blows best bears away the Horn;

And he that Lives and Preaches best  
Should win the Pulpit from the rest.  
The next Petition that We make,  
Is that for brave Old Teviots lake,  
Who had great Kindness for this Place;  
You'l move the Duke our Masters Grace;  
To put a Knock upon our People,  
To shew the Hours to Countrey People:  
For We that live into the Town,  
Our sight grows dim by Sun go down,  
And charge, SIR, our Street to mend,  
And Casky it from end to end.  
Pay but the Workmen for their pains,  
And we will joyntly lead the Stones.  
In ease your Highnes put him to it,  
The Mercat Customs well may do it,  
As for himself he is not rash,  
Because he wants the ready Cash;  
For if your Highnes for soome Reasons,  
Should honour Linton with your Presence;  
Your milk white Pelfrey would turn brown,  
E're you ryde half but throw the Town.  
And that would put upon our Name,  
A blot of everlasting Shame.  
Who are reputed Honest Fellows,  
And stout as ever William Wallace.  
Lastly, Great SIR, discharge us all  
To go to Court without a Call.  
Discharge Laird Gifford and Hog Yards,  
James Douglas and our Linton Lairds;  
Old William Younger and Geordy Purdy,  
Laird Gifford, Scroges, and little Swordie  
And English Andrew, who has skill,  
To Knap at every word so well.  
Let Kingside stay for the Town-Head,  
Till that old Peevish Wife be Dead;  
And that they go on no pretence,  
To put this Place to great Expence.  
Nor yet shall contribute their share,  
To any who are going there.  
To strive to be the greatest Minion  
Or plead for this, or that Opinion.  
If we have any things to spair,  
Poor Widows they should be our Care:  
The Fatherless, the Blind, the Lame,  
That Sterve, and to Beg think shame.  
So Fare-well, SIR, here is no Treason  
But wealth of Ryme and part of Reason.  
And for to save some needless Cost,  
We send this our Address by Post.

### EPILogue

Thrice Noble ORANGE, Bleis'd be the Time,  
Such fair Fruit prosper'd in our Northren Clime:  
Whose Sweet and Cordial Joyce affords us Matter,  
And Sauce to make our Capons eat the better.  
Long may Thou thrive and still thy Arms Advance,  
Till England send an Orange into France;  
Well guarded thorrow proud Neptun's Wawes, and then  
What's sweet to us, may prove sour Sauce to them.  
As England does, so Caledonia boasts,  
She'l Fight with Orange for the Lord of Hosts.  
And tho' the Tyrant hath unsheathe'd his Sword,  
Fy fear him not, he never keep't his word.